

Letter, February 23, 1909

Carbon Copy Beinn Bhreagh February 23, 1909 MF. Dear little girl,

Another perfect day. The Silver Dart made a short flight, coming down because land was near, she had to go across the bay on account of a baby wind. We all pleaded hard with Daddysan for another flight but he was firm. It was the first flight of an airship in Canada and he would take no chance of disaster to spoil this first success. All Baddeck was out in sleighs or on skates. We had to wait two hours and they whiled away the time with horse races up and down the smooth hard ice. There must have been fully thirty sleighs within a small compass on the ice. Can you realize people dashing up and down feeling perfectly secure with only a foot or so of ice between them and about forty feet of water. I do just love Baddeck these glorious winter days—you poor Southerners know nothing of their exhilaration. The air is so crusty and dry and the ice like a flat tabletop of gigantic dimensions. I am writing in a hurry in the dark so excuse looks. Papa wants me to wait and see the Cygnet try again.

Lovingly, Mamma for background material. Auntie Daisy plans also to be in Baddeck and Auntie Mabel is playing with the idea! So get in touch with her! Love from Grandma